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WHERE THE JOURNAL CAN BE FOUND.

The Pensacola Journal is on sale at the following places in the city:

Bay Hotel.
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Merchants Hotel.
Southern Hotel.
Thompson's Book Store.
Walker's Book Store.

Hangings Needed In Georgia.

The following article under the caption "Needed—Hangings," which appeared in a recent issue of the Albany, (Ga.) Herald, treats of a condition of affairs in that state similar to that with which Florida has been cursed for many years:

It sounds like a cold-blooded proposition to make the assertion that we need more hangings in Georgia.

But that is just about the truth, of a distressing condition of affairs—we need more hangings in Georgia.

When a man commits a capital crime in this state, the gallows looms a long way in the future. The chances are very many to one that he will never be executed. Snafes and pitfalls are everywhere.

A murder is committed. The slayer is arrested, and a day is set for his trial. His lawyers secure a postponement, and six months is added to the period between the crime and the official investigation. Perhaps the accused is convicted. His counsel asks for a new trial. Maybe he gets it. Then, after another six months, the accused is tried a second time. If he is convicted again, his counsel moves for another trial. Failing in this, perhaps, the case is carried to the supreme court. On a technical point or other ground, the lower court is reversed. In another six months, the case is tried a third time. It goes once more to the supreme court, which affirms the verdict from below. Then the governor is appealed to, and a stay of execution secured, after which the case is carried before the Pardon Board.

By this time several years have elapsed since the commission of the crime, and indignation in the country where it was committed has largely subsided. The influence of prominent men is sought and secured, and appeals are made to the Pardon Board which that tribunal finds difficulty in resisting. While the case is pending, the governor grants a respite. And finally the Pardon Board commutes the sentence to life imprisonment.

For months past a tidal wave of crime has been sweeping over Georgia. The daily papers teem with accounts of homicides from the Tennessee line to St. Mary's and from the Chattahoochee to the coast. A son kills his father, and a brother takes the life of a brother. Never since Georgia became a state was human life so cheap.

Where will it all end? The Herald believes that this deplorable condition of affairs is largely due to the fact that there are too few hangings. When a cold-blooded murder is committed, the murderer should be executed. That is the law, and the law is good. It is a law for the protection of the innocent no less than for the punishment of the guilty.

If fewer of the guilty escaped in Georgia, there would be fewer occasions for placing snares for the feet of justice. Human life is entirely too cheap in our good state.

Comment upon the above is unnecessary. Under a condition of affairs by which the most dastardly crimes go unpunished, or inadequately punished, at best, no man's life is safe. Protection to life and property are guaranteed every man by the laws of the land, but as long as the laws are juggled for the benefit of criminals; as long as weak-kneed juries recommend to mercy where no mercy was shown; as long as politically or personally influenced pardoning boards continue to turn loose blood-dyed desperadoes upon the community—just that long will the laws providing adequate punishment for crime remain but little more than a

Secretary Root and the Isle of Pines.

The latest development in the Isle of Pines mix-up is the charge made by President Reynard of the Isle of Pines Association, of duplicity, on the part of Secretary Root, upon which the Memphis Commercial-Appeal comments as follows:

Charles Reynard, president of the Isle of Pines Association, accuses Elihu Root, secretary of state, with covering up the delinquency of Elihu Root, secretary of war.

Mr. Reynard declares the Isle of Pines to be United States territory, and that it was so recognized by Secretary Root when he had charge of the portfolio of war, but that failing to make proper settlement of the question of jurisdiction, Mr. Root as secretary of state buries his error by declining to recognize the Isle of Pines.

The charge is a grave one. It should, and doubtless will be, investigated, not so much with any view of changing the ownership of the Isle of Pines, but to preserve the official integrity of the president's cabinet and to maintain the rights of American citizens.

If the Isle of Pines really belongs to this country and there are citizens of the United States down there who have acquired vested interests in what they believed to be United States territory, neither the secretary of state nor any other one official has the right to hand them over to Cuba without further negotiation with them.

This country does not want the Isle of Pines, but it does propose to protect its citizens. If a departmental error or delinquency has caused Americans to go all and skill and money in the hands of this island, that error or delinquency should be corrected as far as may be. If unreasonable or impossible to recognize the condition which was changed by this error, then those who have been misled and deceived should have the right of a negotiation for compensation.

Doubtless Secretary Root will welcome and be able to stand the investigation, but as matters now stand he is not in an enviable attitude. It would have been all right, perhaps, to abandon a piece of United States territory which is really not wanted by this country; but it is another thing to turn the vested interests of American citizens in American territory over to another nation without the consent of this government.

The whole Isle of Pines matter will doubtless be thrashed over in the senate at no very distant day and it is a foregone conclusion that whatever rights American residents may have in the premises they will be thoroughly protected. As to Secretary Root, if he is guilty as charged by President Reynard, the sooner he is shown up in his true light the better.

The Jacksonville Times-Union is evidently looking for trouble. On Christmas morning it will inaugurate a contest to decide who is the most beautiful girl in all Florida.

If the czar would only engage the services of Nick Carter or Old Sleuth the trouble in Russia would be over in no time.

VOX POPULI

AN APPEAL TO THE SPIRIT OF THE DECEASED UNCLE

Oh crumbling dust of Mississippi's mighty commoner! Oh most learned, most profound, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus—thou the modern Demos-theuse, thou the modern Moses, thou, Oh! Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, whose eloquence, whose genius, whose wisdom, have immortalized the name, Lamar, canst thou not return to life and give counsel to thy nephew in this hour of deep distress?

They nephew needs thy counsel now, if ever nephew did.

Canst thou not awake from thy deep slumber, Oh! Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, canst thou not return to life and give counsel to thy nephew in this hour of deep distress?

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IS THIS MAN SWEATING OVER THE TROUBLES IN RUSSIA, OR THE TRUST PROBLEM OR THE INSURANCE INVESTIGATION? NOT MUCH! HE IS TRYING TO THINK OF AN APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR HIS BEST GIRL.

and thy state—thou, Oh! proud Mississippi, whose great name was thy passport everywhere, whose giant intellect was thy only weapon in any forum—canst thou immortal spirit sleep on, I ask, whilst thy nephew gropes through the shadows of the Nation's Capitol, grasping at moonbeams and a demagogue's short lived fame, to bolster ambition's greedy lust?

Thy nephew needs such an hand as thine to guide him into paths that statesmen tread—thy nephew bears the name, Lamar.

Canst thou not arise from thy damp and clammy grave, Oh! most illustrious Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, and check thy nephew in his mad rush toward the shrine of gods whom it were heresy for a Lamar to worship?

Thy nephew needs thy restraint, if ever nephew did.

Canst thou not emerge from the solitude of thy lonely tomb, Oh! Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, to warn thy nephew of the peril of a cruel fate, where folly reigns supreme?

Thy nephew needs thy warning, if ever nephew did.

But if thy slumber be eternal! If thou canst not awake; if thy immortal spirit must sleep on, and on; if thou canst not arise from thy lonely grave; if thou canst not emerge from the solitude of thy tomb, thou hast but to dream on, and on, and on, through the eons of eternity, if dream thou canst, of the immortality of thy name and fame. In thy dreams thou canst forget that thy nephew bears thy name; but it were folly for thee to dream that thy nephew upon whom thy brother bestowed that classic name, "Bill Bailey," canst ever rob thee of thy fame.

LUCULLUS.

THE DEMOCRACY OF WM. R. HEARST.

Washington Evening Star.

Is Mr. Hearst a democrat? There are men calling themselves democrats who doubt it. He has not only been challenged here on that point, and may not be. He voted for Mr. Williams for Speaker, and has been assigned to committees as a democrat. That would appear to settle the question so far as congress is concerned.

At a distance, however, his claims are disputed. In the south particularly, where he sought delegates last year in his race for his party's nomination for the presidency, his democracy is ticked as of a bogus variety. The Columbia, S. C. State rejects it. The Norfolk Landmark declares that the man "is simply a demagogue," and the Petersburg Index-Appeal, in the same neck of the wood, asserts that Mr. Hearst has no "claim on earth to consideration as a true democrat."

Now, why is this? In what particular has Mr. Hearst changed since last year, when he supported Judge Parker on the St. Louis platform, and put all of his newspapers at his party's service? He did as Mr. Bryan did, and as Mr. Bryan's southern friends did. Moreover, he, and Mr. Bryan stand shoulder to shoulder, as to both the railway rate question and the question of municipal ownership. To cast one out and leave the other would be manifestly unfair. They may not be very lovely in their lives, but if death is the decree they should not be divided.

Is the explanation to be found in the reputation by Mr. Hearst of Mr. McClellan in New York? If that is the charge then a very curious case is to be considered. Thousands upon thousands of democrats repudiated

the Tammany candidate—so many, indeed, that his election is in dispute, and but for the republicans he would have been swept into oblivion. So that if Mr. Hearst is to be read out of his party for his part in that performance, so many others must go along with him, that no chance whatever will remain to carry New York for the democratic candidate for the presidency in 1908. In such circumstances the republicans would have the state, hands down.

It is a bad time for cast-iron definitions. So little remains of the old brand of democracy that nobody is justified in making himself disagreeable about his share.

MISS ROOSEVELT AND HER FIANCEE.

Baltimore News.

Miss Roosevelt, who is the only child of the president's first marriage will be 22 years old in February, and is named for her mother, Alice Lee, the latter having been the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Lee of Boston, to whom the president became engaged during his college days at Harvard and to whom he was married in 1883.

On the death of her mother she became the charge of her aunt, Mrs. William S. Cowles, who was then where either with her maternal grandmother or with the numerous relatives in New York.

She was one of the party accompanying the Secretary of War to the Philippines, as was also Representative Longworth, their engagement being rumored several times during the journey, but emphatically denied by Miss Roosevelt as late as a month ago.

Miss Roosevelt made her debut at a ball given in the great east room early in January, 1902, since which date she has enjoyed a succession of attentions never before offered any American girl.

Although born in New York, she has spent more than half her life in Washington, having been here as a small child when her father was Civil Service Commissioner, later when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy and finally when she came to grace the White House with her genial presence.

She is a shy, demure looking slip of a girl the day she first crossed the threshold of the White House. Since then she has bloomed into a vivacious, fascinating young woman, and numbers her friends by the score. And they are not all new friends, either, who may have been attracted to her by her position, for a host of old schoolmates declare her still to be as jolly a companion as when she was the daughter of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Mr. Longworth is the only son of the late Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, one of the wealthy men of the Ohio metropolis a generation ago, but is not, as has been reported, a man of great wealth. He graduated from Harvard in the class of 1891 and was admitted to the bar of Cincinnati in 1894. He is now serving his second term as Representative from the First Ohio District. He is a member of the Metropolitan, Alibi and Chevy Chase clubs in Washington, and is well known in New York and Boston.

His mother has for a number of years had a summer home on the coast of Massachusetts, where Miss Roosevelt was her guest in the summer of 1904. Early in the past summer she made a visit to Cincinnati, where she was entertained by her future sister-in-law, Mrs. Wallingford, at the Longworth home, so that she is already well known to her future relatives.

Mr. Longworth possesses a striking and impressive individuality. His manner is cordial, engaging and affable, and he converses with an emphasis which is at once indicative of superior intelligence, while his features are well defined, regular and clear-cut.

In dress he is not ostentatious, but his clothes evidences a discriminating taste which places him among the best attired men in congress.

From now until their wedding day Miss Roosevelt and her fiancée will naturally be the most entertained young couple in Washington, their friends having already arranged numerous dinners in their honor.

TALKING DOLLS.

The Latest Production of the Clever German Toy-makers.

One of the most striking of the new Christmas toys takes the shape of a real talking doll. In the past doll's vocabulary has been limited to such phrases as "Da-da" or "Ma-ma," sounds produced by a reed and a pair of bellows. All that is to be changed, and the doll will be able to say quite a number of nice things and carry on little conversations of a hundred words or more, and, if necessary, sing the very latest songs.

The idea comes from Germany and is really an adaptation of the principle upon which the gramophone is based. Briefly it is this: Secreted somewhere in the doll's interior will be a tiny disk machine, which will carry a record about two inches in diameter. When the doll has been made presentable and feels equal to taking part in the conversation her little nurse will simply have to place a disk in a crevice somewhere in the doll's back, an operation as simple as putting a penny in a slot, and the doll will do the rest. Two dolls, with suitable records, may easily be made to carry on quite intelligent conversations.—London Daily News.

Children's Names in England.

The vicar of Membury, Derbyshire, writes in his parish magazine, "A hundred and thirty-eight baptisms, and I have not yet had a 'Sarah Jane'—that delightful, old fashioned name!"

Amused, as he said, by the vicar's sad wail, a parishioner replies to the vicar, saying the reason is not far to seek. The custom of the parents residing in these parts is to consult with their incumbent regarding the choice of the name for the offspring.

The natural consequence is that all children born on a saint's day are called after the saint. Thus a girl born on St. George's day would be christened Georgiana and one on St. Clement's day Clementina, and so on.—London Express.

Look About You.

It is wonderful how much one can learn by cultivating the habit of observation. As you walk in the street or ride in the car you pick up a surprising amount of information. Our fellow beings are intensely interesting, and they are constantly teaching us something or other. Do not let your knowledge stagnate. Put it to some practical use.

My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even gray; beautiful hair, without a single gray line in it. Have a little pride. Keep young just as long as you can.

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DIRECTORY

Pensacola Lodge, No. 3, K. of P. meets every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock at their temporary Castle Hall over Pou stable, W. Intendencia St. Visiting brethren cordially welcomed.

J. H. BREWTON, C. C. H. HORSLEY, K. of R. & S.

Rathbone Lodge No. 30, K. of P. meets every Thursday evening at 8:00 o'clock in their temporary Castle Hall, over Pou stable, W. Intendencia street. Visiting knights are cordially welcomed.

J. D. KIRK, C. C. C. J. LEVY, K. of R. & S.

Knights of Columbus. Meetings of the Knights of Columbus are held at their hall, No. 8 West Intendencia street, on every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. An invitation is extended to visiting Knights.

JOHN B. JONES, Grand Knight. EDM. FOX, Recorder.

Pensacola Lodge No. 4, I. O. O. F. meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 at the new hall on West Garden street. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

T. G. STINSON, B. R. WITKOVSKI, Secretary.

REBEKAH SISTERS. Naomi Lodge No. 10, Rebekah Sisters meets every Monday night at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Visiting sisters cordially invited to be present.

MRS. S. DeTHAYER, MISS MAMIE FREEMAN, Secretary. M. E. B. A. No. 31, meets first and third Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m., Rafford Hall, No. 10, West Intendencia street.

A. G. FELL, Pres. J. L. SWEENEY, Sec.

W. O. W. Live Oak Camp No. 1, W. J. W. meets in Pythian Hall 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in each month. Visiting sovereigns cordially invited.

F. A. BOGHICH, C. C. LESLIE E. BROOKS, Clerk.

W. O. W. C. Oak Grove, No. 4, Woodmen of the World, meets Thursday of each month at 3:30 p. m., 3rd floor Watson building, southeast corner Palafox and Garden streets. Visiting sovereigns cordially invited. Mrs. W. A. Smith, Clerk; Mrs. M. B. Olsen, Guardian.

The Journal Printed During November 1905,

a Total of

150,250

COPIES

or an average of

5,779

DAILY

The following figures show The Pensacola Journal's circulation for each day during the month of November, 1905, with the average number of copies daily:

Nov. 1, 6,100	Nov. 16, 5,736
Nov. 2, 5,700	Nov. 17, 5,706
Nov. 3, 5,750	Nov. 18, 5,700
Nov. 4, 5,750	Nov. 19, 5,700
Nov. 5, 5,900	Nov. 20, 5,700
Nov. 6, 5,700	Nov. 21, 5,700
Nov. 7, 5,650	Nov. 22, 5,700
Nov. 8, 5,600	Nov. 23, 5,700
Nov. 9, 5,700	Nov. 24, 5,700
Nov. 10, 5,700	Nov. 25, 5,700
Nov. 11, 5,700	Nov. 26, 5,700
Nov. 12, 5,900	Nov. 27, 5,700
Nov. 13, 5,700	Nov. 28, 5,750
Nov. 14, 5,850	Nov. 29, 5,750
Nov. 15, 5,850	Nov. 30, 5,750

Total for the month.....150,250

Average per d.....5,779

I hereby certify that the above statement is correct according to the records on file in this office.

FRED A. SWEET, Circulation Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of December, 1905.

PERRY DICKEN, Notary Public.